

## USEFUL WAR RELIC

By SELINA ELIZABETH HIGGINS.

When Pietro Sanchez returned from putting down the insurrection in Modiva, he brought to his home town of Piasta but one trophy of the war—a large brass cannon.

Pietro was an honest, sturdy blacksmith. He had fought just as he set fires on the wagon wheels or shod a horse—his whole soul in the task. He had been the leader of the company which drove the marauding gang of Rivolla, the bandit, out of the district. Who had a better right to adopt the great field piece as a souvenir of those troublesome battle days?

The blacksmith shop was located on the topmost bluff overlooking the broad Rio Brazos, commanding the valley for miles. Just at its edge Pietro had set the cannon.

"It is a memento, a monument and a trade sign," said Pietro. "There it shall remain as a record, reminder and sign manual of the trade of the anvil."

"But, neighbor," spoke a fear-minded nervous old man, "these are days of peace. Why remind of war?"

"It shall not be moved," persisted Pietro stubbornly. "Who can say what may come?"

There came new disturbances as the year passed by, but these were centered in a distant province. Pietro looked grim and thoughtful as he heard of new depredations of the Rivolla bandit. Airy, fairy Ninez, full of all the joyous hopefulness of youth, only smiled on. She was light-hearted and happy. Had she not



Each Night Some One Had Watched.

Luis Guarez, the handsomest gallant at Piasta? His stalwart arm, his loyal heart would spring to action in response to any patriotic call. As to Rivolla, some day the gibbet. Yet she recalled the dark, perfidious face of the cruel outlaw with a shudder.

For the family of Pietro had known Rivolla in the past. Two years before he had lived at Piasta for a time. He had appeared as a suitor for Ninez. Sternly old Sanchez had ordered him away from the threshold, learning of his cruel and cowardly past. And Ninez had felt relieved when the fierce visaged bandit had departed from the village.

Then there had come a missile for the little Mexican maid. It was from the renegade Rivolla, now devastating a peaceful district, driving off cattle, burning peaceful homes, blotting out the lives of worthy patriots in cold, murderous riot and hate.

"Have a care!" the words of the message ran. "I have sworn to make you mine, and Rivolla never falls in his purpose."

It was of this that Ninez and Luis were speaking one moonlit night. They had straggled along the bluff, where the clear cool air was like balm. The river flowed by, a sparkling sheet of silvery sheen. The air was heavy with perfume of flowers. The pair had seated themselves on a bench that ran beside the old field piece.

"Another month, mio Ninez," spoke the young man fervently, "and you will be mine. Then adios! to all your needless fears of this terrible Rivolla."

"You do not know his treacherous nature," muttered Ninez, shrinking closer to her manly escort as though from a sense of protection. "My father tells me he has broken loose again with his wicked horde. They have ravaged one province. They have sent a demand to the governor of Mittal demanding large bribe money, else they will visit his people next. He has refused. When they march thither, my father says a slight detour from the trail would bring them near to Piasta. It is like Rivolla's evil nature to make a raid upon this peaceful town out of sheer revenge."

"Rivolla is a braggart and a coward!" declared Luis. "It was in the last campaign that he threatened our little army so direfully, only to run and hide when we advanced upon his stronghold."

Ninez smiled and forgot her fears as they strolled homeward. Luis was so brave, so proud of his clear family name and of herself! He did not tell Ninez as he bade her good-night, but he knew there was some foundation for her words.

Others as well were in the secret, but were not spreading it to alarm the quiet town.

"Thus, it was known to many of the old guard that Rivolla was once again on a raid. If his band was of any numerical strength he might invade Modiva. Otherwise, he would scarcely venture. Each night for a week some one of the old war company had watched the river and its opposite

shore. It was from that direction Rivolla would come, if at all.

After leaving Ninez, her lover returned to the bluff. It was his night for patrol duty. For a long time he sat by the side of the cannon, his mind going over the blissful hour he had spent that evening with his fair innamorata.

His cloak wrapped about him to guard himself from the usual mid-night chill sweeping down the valleys, Luis suddenly aroused, as chancing to glance across the broad stream he saw a faint blue glimmer of blue light.

It changed to red, to amber, back to blue, and then three miles nearer to the point, directly opposite the town, there were responding signals. Familiar with the tactics of the outlaw Luis in an instant understood that peril hovered.

Without disturbing or alarming any other member of the family, he aroused Sanchez. A grim smile crossed the face of the smith as he listened. His clear eye glowed with the coherent resolve of a resolute and intelligent man as he gave his directions. Luis was to carry these out.

"Mount your swift horse," directed Pietro, "arouse the gunsmith and send him to me at once. Then make for the ford and reach Modiva. Tell the mayor there to rouse up the old guard and hurry to surround Rivolla and his crew."

"But if they cross the river before then?" submitted Luis quite anxiously.

"They will not cross the river," declared Pietro with a grim, determined flash of his lion eyes.

At daylight over one hundred grim-visaged, determined men were gathered on the bluff where the historic field piece stood. The mists slowly lifting showed the camp of the outlaws on the opposite bank of the river. They had employed the night in scouring the shore up and down stream for every stray raft, yawl and rowboat they could find. A formidable flotilla, all centered in a group in a little cove, showed.

Beside the cannon stood old Sanchez, in his hand an unlighted fuse. His old companion gunner was sighting the field piece.

"Aim low," directed Pietro, and the fuse was lighted.

"Grand old thunderer!" commented the patriarch of the village, as boom and flash and destruction haunted the face of the waters.

There was confusion on the opposite shore, as almost to the last vestige the flotilla was destroyed. And then new excitement as Luis, with the Modiva contingent cut off the inland retreat of the baffled bandits.

Routed, prisoners or destroyed, their evil career was summarily and permanently checked and the power of Rivolla broken forever.

And in the white moonlight, hovering near the brave old field piece that had saved Piasta, Luis and Ninez renewed their pledged troth.

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## Day of the Gentleman Farmer.

As a result partly of the widening influence of our agricultural colleges and partly of numerous co-operating agencies, a new set of ideals is being created with regard to country life. The nation as a whole, in fact, is making a re-estimation of rural life. With the coming of dear lands, city people have awakened to a new interest in country affairs and a new respect for country inhabitants. There is before us in the United States the opportunity to develop perhaps the finest type of rural civilization that the world has ever known. The ownership of land in past ages has always been most honorable, but the working of it has been regarded generally as degrading. The actual farmers, equipped with their poor, pitiable instruments, and condemned to unceasing and disheartening toil, have been slaves, serfs, heathen, pagans, bores, peasants. But today the use of machinery and new facilities for communication make it possible for the same individual to be a tiller of the soil and a gentleman.—William J. Trimble, in June Atlantic.

## Too Much for Him.

Paul Ker, one of the principals in "The Midnight Girl," was invited by an acquaintance who has the reputation of being a "tightwad" to a cafe in Longacre Square after the matinee, relates the New York Telegraph. It was not long before a party of congenial spirits were gathered about the festive board, and things went merrily until the hour drew near for Ker's return to the theater for the evening performance.

Thus far the aforementioned acquaintance had managed to escape paying any of the checks and Ker determined that before the party broke up Mr. Tightwad should be forced to pay for at least on round. Accordingly the waiter was instructed to hand him the next check. This was done and, finding no evasion, he reluctantly paid and immediately left the cafe.

The door was opened a motor car tire blew out with a loud explosion. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Ker, "he's shot himself!"

## Over Alleghenies by Canal.

I have sailed through the Suez canal, which was just as thrilling as going to Camden by ferry. But a Methuselah from Lancaster county was in Philadelphia the other day and told of a canal trip that was worth while.

I suppose David Graeff, ninety-four years old, is one of the few persons alive who made the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in a canal boat. Lifting a passenger up and down the slopes of the Allegheny mountains in the cushioned locks of a canal seems now a hundred times more wonderful than swinging around Horseshoe curve in a railway train. A Bret Harte might have found as picturesque characters for novel making about the inland boatmen of Pennsylvania as he discovered on the western slopes of the Sierras.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Uncle Eben.

"Lookin' on de bright side o' life is all right," said Uncle Eben, "unless it gets a man to tryin' to stay awake till de last of de electric lights goes out."

## Easiest Way to Make Fancy Waist



If there is one article of clothing upon which the manufacturers may depend for a long, long profit, more than upon any other, it is the fancy waist made of lace, chiffon, net, silk, embroidery or any other of the pretty things which are so alluring and so fragile. The materials required are not in themselves very expensive, but the finished product, as in the case of millinery, is so much a matter of translating fabrics into little poems of apparel that it is the idea and its working out that commands the price.

And the price is usually something to cause a gasp like that following a plunge into cold water. The unfeeling owner of an exclusive Fifth avenue shop mentions anywhere from \$15 to \$30 in the most casual and off-hand way, when one begins inquiring as to the value of three yards of chiffon and a few bits of other materials sewed together.

The easiest way to make these fancy waists is first to buy a dressmaker's form or dummy upon which to drape the material. Get one with the cor-

rect neck and waist measure, and as like yourself in shape as possible.

Simple waists of plain net or of lace are to be had in the department stores at a very reasonable price, that is in the neighborhood of two or three dollars. Or a foundation waist may be made a very little cheaper at home. But those to be had in the shops are cut on good and up-to-date lines. These waists make the best of foundations on which to drape the chiffon or net or lace or other fabrics which enter into the composition of fancy waists.

Chiffon veils, in pretty colors and with hem-stitched edges, are easily used to make drapery for these waists. Plain chiffons, embroidered voiles, and nets, answer the same purpose. In the waist pictured here voile is draped over a foundation waist of lace with fine effect.

In attempting a fancy waist, it is much the easiest way to select a waist, or the picture of one, and follow out its details.

## Popular Hats for Vacation Trips



NOW that the time for vacation trips is coming near and has, in fact, arrived, the consideration of hats comes up, hats which will do all their wearers have a right to expect them to.

The three shapes, two of them straight sailors, that are grouped in the picture given here, are fine examples of hats suitable for vacation trips. Besides the two sailors, the hat with taller crown, trimmed with wheat, is designed for matrons who do not want a hat as youthful as the plain sailor.

The introduction of lacquered ribbon with its metallic-looking, highly lustrous surface (which suggests durability but does not really mean it), has given considerable strength to hats of black braid. A pretty model for an outing hat is made over a wire frame with silk fiber braid sewed to it. There is a collar of black lacquered ribbon laid in fluted plaits at intervals about the crown. Between the plaits are clusters of cherries.

## No Silt Skirts Worn.

"I have not seen a single woman, well groomed or otherwise, in the streets of Paris wearing a silt skirt," writes a fashion correspondent. "While speaking of skirts, I may tell you that the new ones, for all occasions, are worn a little longer and not loosely gathered around the waist, or made with a full, plait at both front and back. By the way, the waist is not pinned quite as high as last season. The tailor-made jackets are small and cut away in front, and most of them

This is a hat with considerable durability to recommend it, as well as good looks.

Flowers, so much in evidence on the dressier hats of the season, are not used on outing or traveling hats. But fruits, less fragile, are a part of the play, with cherries as the star.

Fringed ribbons, that is, ribbons raveled out into fringed ends, or spaces, are pleasing on hats that depend on ribbon alone for decoration. But there are not many of these. Too many good ornaments made ready to use, too many good substantial fancy feathers, save the time of trimmers.

The trimming of hats of this kind is distinctly within the scope of the home milliner. A shape originally becoming and simply trimmed is sure to turn out satisfactorily. Among one's belongings good millinery materials, left over from other seasons, if of the right character, save money and answer the purpose for traveling hats.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

have the long, oval tail-piece back. Evening dresses all distinctly at the grande, and the Dresden china and Dolly Varden types do not find expression in the mandates of la mode.

## Metal Ribbons.

Lightweight metal ribbons, in elaborate designs, are among the newest things offered for trimming dresses. These may be used in combination with metal laces, or for veerings or girdles on evening dresses.

## NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



## This Farmer Man Knew Something About Crows

WASHINGTON.—Consider crows:

A farmer man was going along a business street up Georgetown way when, above the clash of traffic, he heard a sound that caused him to look upward. And there on a chimney ledge perched a crow shrilling out his:

"Caw, caw, caw."

While the farmer man was craning his neck, another man, in passing, paused to inquire fraternally:

"Pet of yours got away?"

The answer went off like an explosion:

"What in thunder do you suppose a farmer wants with a crow except to shoot him? I'm plagued to death every year of my life with the darn things watchin' my corn hills from the fence rails, and the first thing I hear when I get to town is this infernal cawin'. What do you reckon that rascal up yonder means by wasting his time here where there are no crops to rob, huh?"

"Oh, we've got a rookery of 40,000 crows near Arlington, and I've watched their goings and comings for forty years. You could time a clock by their movements. Every morning in the early gray they fly down the Potomac to their feeding grounds."

"That's where they get me, blank 'em!" The farmer man made his adjective good and strong—no, not good, just strong!

"Live along the eastern shore?"

"No, sir; I'm from old Charles county, God bless her—"

"You don't say! I've got relatives down in that section—fine people, too—and at dusk you ought to see those crows come trailing home in a long, black line, high up in the sky, in clear weather and sailing low in storms. Oh, you can't put me against crows, friend. I've watched them too long."

"That's how I got my opinion—by watchin' 'em, with a shot gun. The rascals are so sharp, though, these days, doggone 'em, that it's hard work getting a pop at them. And you can't frighten 'em with scarecrows any more. Blank it, sir, they light on 'em, right before your eyes."

"Caw, caw, caw," shrilled the crow.

"I'm afraid you are making them blacker than they are. I see you've gone 'dry' down your way, but—"

The city man advanced an enticing proposition; the farmer man accepted, and the two made a bee line for a green swinging door. And up on the chimney ledge the crow was shrilling:

"Caw, caw, caw."

## Not So Bad as Cynics Would Have Us Believe

A MAN was limping through Lafayette square. It was so early of a Sunday morning that the grounds were empty except for the man and a lone person who was coming down a path toward him, and the same primeval stillness lay over the streets outside, not counting the iconoclastic rattle of passing cars.

The man limped because of a stiff leg that had to be helped out with a cane, and it was a slow limp because, again, his architecture included a bay-window front incompatible with high speed. He carried a newspaper and was lumbering toward a tree-shaded bench, when—

Something in the grass caught his eye. It must have been an important find, for, stiff and stout as he was, he made an elaborate effort to reach down to it—and failed.

Then he straightened up, gave a jiu-jitsu twist to his body and tried to stoop sideways. He failed again.

Nobody wants to be officious, but the lone person who had come along and was about to pass thought it might be a case of dropped specs, or something vital like that, and volunteered first aid.

"Thank you, madam. I would very much like to have one of these white clovers if I might tax your kindness."

The lone person picked exactly one clover from the white powdered grass, and handed it to him. The man accepted it with a bubble of confidence due the occasion.

"These little blooms take me back a half century to the farm that was my home when I was a boy."

The woman smiled appreciative recognition of the sentiment as she passed on; the man lumbered over to his bench and—well, that was really all there was to it except—

When a stiff, stout man, over fifty, can carry about with him enough honest boyhood to prize a clover top for the sake of its associations, the world can't be half so bad as the cynics would have us believe.

## Thing That Thrills Some Visitors to the Capital

ONE thing about the small town visitor that thrills is the niceties he preserves in eating. If a confirmed habitue of one of Washington's fashionable restaurants happens to drop a particularly choice bit of meat on the tablecloth he calmly and unobtrusively retrieves it. He is not nervous about it. He is not even nervous if the waiter looks at him reproachfully.

The writer saw one huge, bronzed man with a mighty walrus mustache and an appearance which justified the belief that he could face 15 bad men with guns and not wink an eye. The bad man had ordered a veal cutlet. And one of the best bits of the cutlet escaped the curtain-draped cave that he called his mouth and fell slushily upon the white cloth. The mighty man extended a hamlike hand to pick it up and had almost captured his game when, looking up, he caught the eye of the waiter. His face turned crimson. His colossal hand flapped feebly around, while he pretended to be trying to look at the salt cellar, the sauce—anything. The waiter went toward him icily.

"Anything, sir?" he wanted to know.

"N-no-thing," faltered the big man. "I was—"

"Salt, sir?" asked the waiter, solicitously.

The big man clutched at the suggestion like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"Yes," he stuttered.

The salt was handed him and he spoiled the remainder of his cutlet with it.

And during the rest of the dreary meal he ate solemnly, sadly, hopelessly, while the waiter stood guard, and the fallen piece of meat gleamed wickedly from the tablecloth. Occasionally he would look reproachfully at the waiter. Then he would bow his head mournfully over his food.

## This Congressman Comes From a Land of Plenty

"I COME," said Representative Holland of the Norfolk, Va., district—and there was a world of pride in his tones—"I come from that land famed the world over for its good things to eat. A land the fair renown of whose oysters and terrapin and hams is sung throughout the length and breadth of the nation from where"—and Mr. Holland, waxing eloquent, harked back to vaudelectorian days—"from where the icy waters of the Atlantic beat upon the bleak crags of Maine to where the placid waters of the blue Pacific kiss the golden—"

"It's a fact, sir, a fact," concluded Mr. Holland, when reminded that these stories must be limited to 400 words. "I'm right about it; dead right!" An Mr. Holland is right about it; dead right. Just listen to this delicious litany of the succulent, savory things hailing from the district that calls him representative—a litany he chants with reverent ecstasy, as who wouldn't:

Lynnhaven oysters, canvas-back duck, diamond-back terrapin, Crisfield crabs, Norfolk spots, Chesapeake shad, sora, redbirds, Smithfield hams, March strawberries, April green peas—

Here, waiter, quick! What's terrific to terrapin, or currency bills, or pants-backs! And don't forget the peanut!



Children's clothes should be fresh and sweet—this means a big wash—never mind—use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHA SOAP. Washday then has no terrors. No rubbing. No worry—clothes clean—germs killed—mother happy.

RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHA SOAP used on your linens and cloth means a clean, healthy, happy, germless home—it does not need hot water.

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## BUSINESS AND THE TARIFF

Secretary McAdoo Tells a Little Story to Illustrate What He Thinks Effect Will Be.

Since both the tariff and the currency bills came within the scope of the treasury department, it is natural that newspaper men should go there to query the chiefs with questions about their probable effect on business.

"Boys," said Secretary McAdoo recently, "there's nothing to it. The country has been subjected to revisions before, and always has survived them successfully. Generally speaking, the attitude of business is of receptive indifference toward the changes that have been made, because business men have made up their minds not to let such things interfere with their business. It is just like Freddy. Do you know about him?"

"One day Freddy's mother said: 'Freddy, if you are not a good boy tonight you'll go to bed without your dinner.'"

"Ma," shouted businesslike Freddy, "what we goin' to have for dinner?"

"The Sunday Magazine."

## Sawing the Wood.

It was only on rare occasions that Mrs. Cutler, a kind-faced old lady, accepted invitations to dine out. Upon repeated invitations of her friends, the Joslins, however, she consented to attend a little informal dinner they were giving, accompanied by her daughter. Unfortunately, Mrs. Cutler was quite deaf and consequently could not enter into the general conversation. She was engaged in cutting a piece of steak when her daughter turned to her and said:

"Mother, dear, why are you so quiet?"

"I'm all right," responded mother, with a sunny smile, "while you talk, Mabel, I say nothing but saw wood."

## Naturally.

"How is Bangs getting on with his stock deals?"

"He slipped up on the ice once."

## Grandmother Didn't Know

A good cook? Certainly, but she couldn't have cooked the Indian Corn, rolled and toasted it to a crisp brown, wafer thin flakes, as we do in preparing

## Post Toasties

They are delicious with cream or milk, or sprinkled over fresh fruit or berries.

From the first cooking of the corn until the sealed, airtight packages of delicately toasted flakes are delivered to you, Post Toasties are never touched by human hand.

Grandmother would have liked

## Post Toasties

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